

SKYPILOT

FIGHTING MISSIONARY OF THE FAR NORTH!

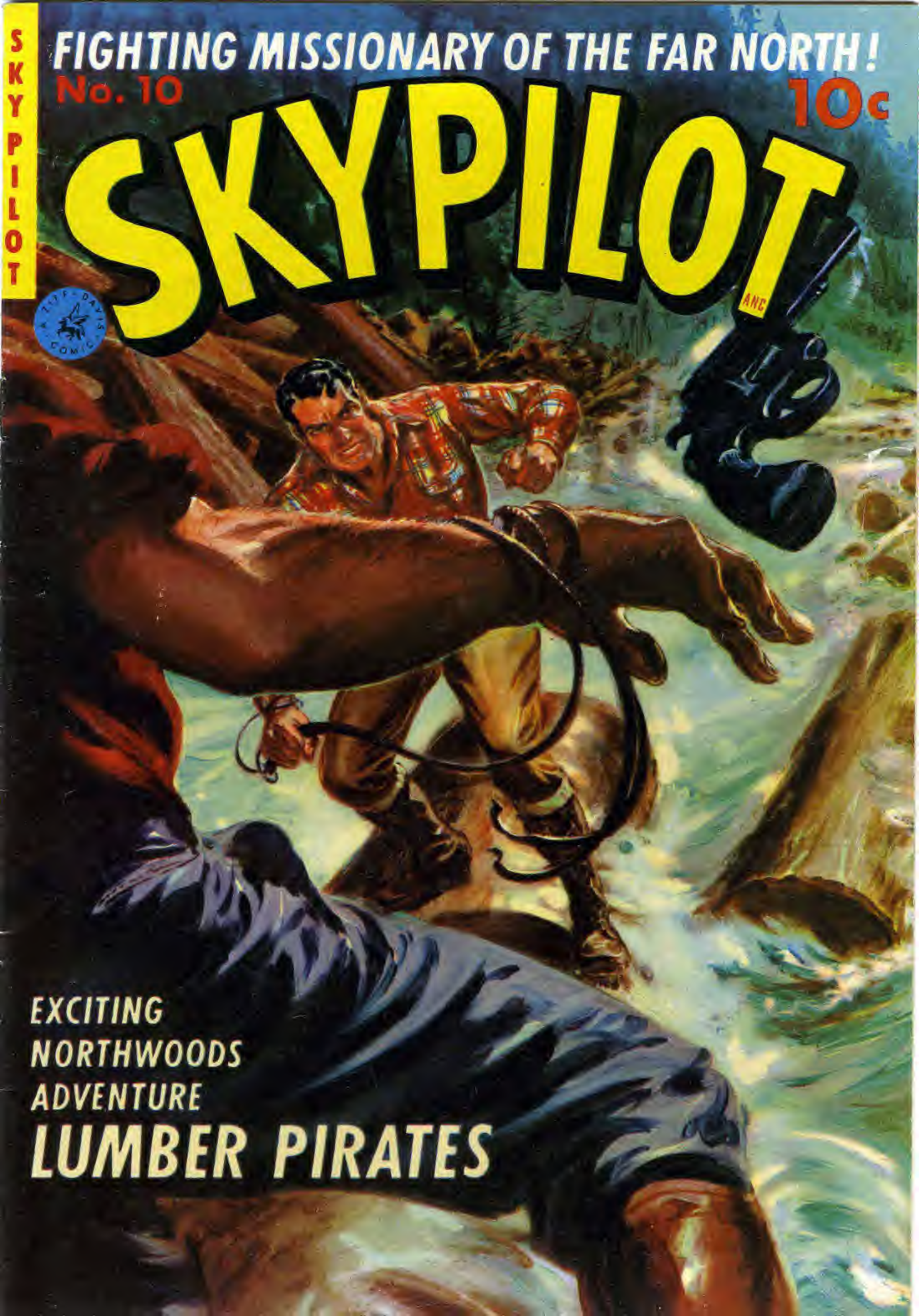
No. 10

10c

# SKYPILOT



EXCITING  
NORTHWOODS  
ADVENTURE  
**LUMBER PIRATES**





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# ESKIMO LORE

ALL ALONG THE ARCTIC OCEAN IN THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT, THE ESKIMO REIGNS SUPREME! IN HIS IGLOO, CARVED FROM SOLID ICE, IN BLOCKS THAT ARE FITTED CAREFULLY TOGETHER, HE LIVES THROUGH THE FIERCEST WINTER STORMS!



HE IS MASTER OF ICY SEAS IN HIS KAYAK, THAT CANNOT SINK, BUT BOBBLES LIKE A CORK IN THE ROUGHEST WATER...



ALTHOUGH 40,000 ESKIMOS INHABIT 40,000,000 SQUARE MILES (ONE ESKIMO FOR EVERY 400 MILES), THESE PEOPLE OF THE FROZEN NORTH HAVE MANY LEGENDS, ONE OF WHICH HAS TO DO WITH THE ANCIENT DAYS WHEN THE ESKIMO FOUGHT THE MAMMOTH!



THE CARIBOU FURNISHES THE ESKIMO WITH MEAT, ALTHOUGH ONE OF THEIR LAWS OF TABOO WILL NOT PERMIT THE CARIBOU SKIN TO BE WORKED ON ICE...



MODERN EXPLORERS HAVE FOUND PROOF OF THE OLD ESKIMO TALES OF 'LITTLE MEN'... POWERFUL DWARFS WHO LIVE CLOSE TO THE NORTH MAGNETIC POLE! TINY DWELLINGS BUILT TO THE SCALE OF THESE SHORT, POWERFUL FOLK HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED!



EATING FAT OR BLUBBER TO KEEP WARM DURING THE COLD WINTER MONTHS... USING STONE AND BONE IMPLEMENTS AS DID THEIR ANCESTORS... HUNTING SEALS AND WHALES IN THE ICY OCEAN... USING SLED DOGS FOR FAST TRAVEL OVER SNOWY PLAINS, THE ESKIMO IS TRULY, A CONQUEROR OF THE NORTH!

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# SKY PILOT



**T**HE RUGGED STRETCHES OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST WERE A SPANNING GROUND WHERE THE WORST IN MEN ALL TOO OFTEN CAME OUT... AND THROUGH THIS WILD, DANGEROUS TERRITORY ROAMED JOHN HAWKS, SKY PILOT, A MAN WHO QUOTED FROM THE SCRIPTURES... AND BACKED HIS WORDS WITH MUSCLES OF STEEL, TO GUARANTEE THAT EVIL DOERS HEADED THEM...

F.B.

ON A LONELY, ROCKY, SNOW-PATCHED HILL-SIDE, NEAR THE ALASKAN-CANADIAN BORDER, A PROSPECTOR OPENS HIS CABIN DOOR AND...





AT THE SAME TIME THAT DEATH WAS CALLING AT THE LONELY CABIN, ANOTHER SCENE OF VIOLENCE WAS TAKING PLACE IN THE NEARBY SETTLEMENT OF "HARD LUCK".

NO! NO! PLEASE! NALUK NO TAKE YOUR TRAPS!

STOP! LEAVE THAT MAN ALONE!



WHY ARE YOU BEATING THIS MAN? HE LOOKS HARMLESS.

BECAUSE THE SNEAKING THIEF RAIDED MY TRAP LINE, THAT'S WHY! AND BESIDES, IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS ANYWAY... CLEAR OUT!



SUCH VIOLENCE IS FOR WILD BEASTS, NOT MEN!

I SAID CLEAR OUT! HEY! LEMME GO!



THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH, AS IT IS WRITTEN, BUT SOMETIMES THEY NEED AID!



YOU GOOD MAN! NALUK YOUR FRIEND FOR LIFE! WHAT YOUR NAME?

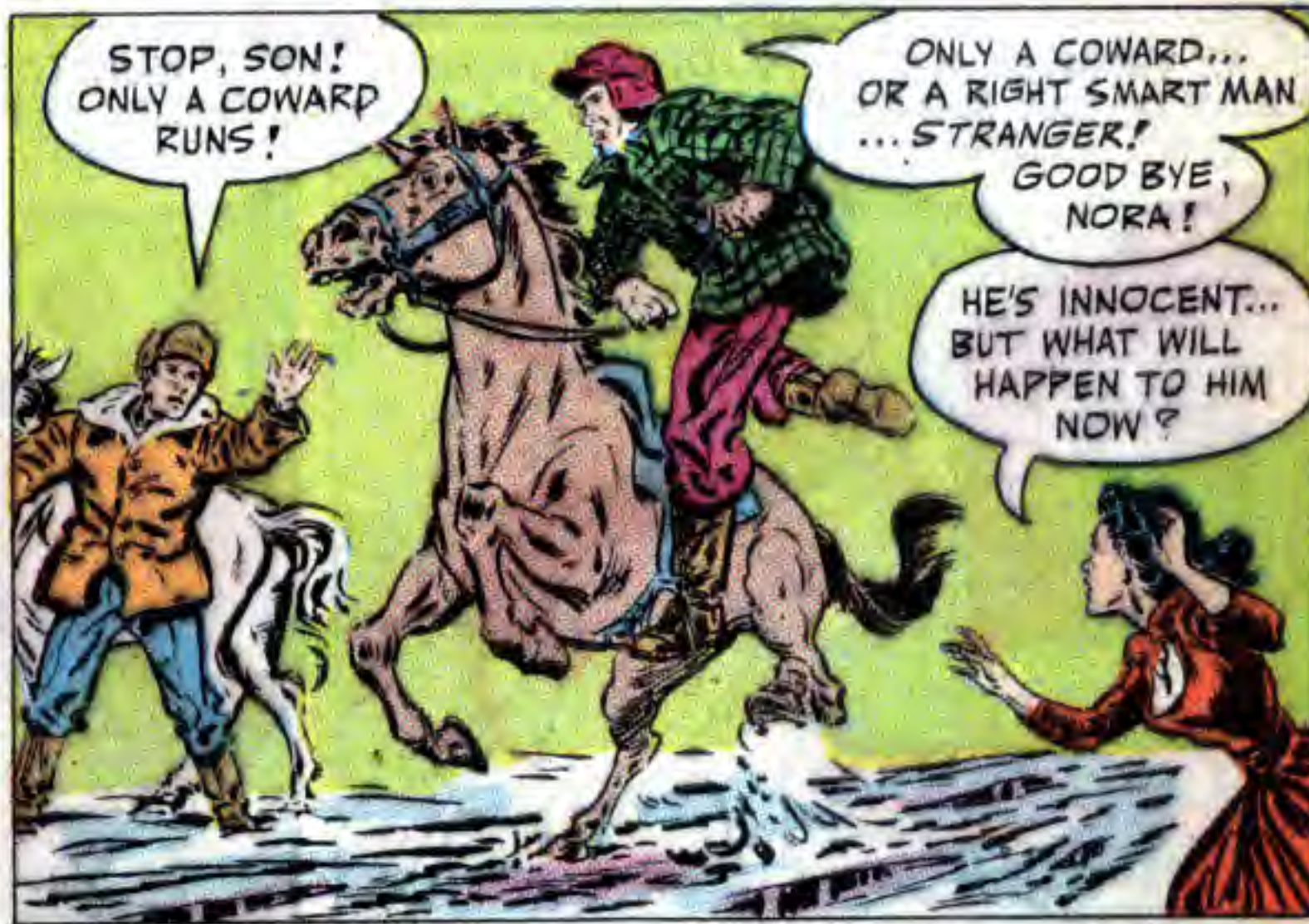
JOHN HAWKS! I ASK ONLY ONE THING OF ALL MEN, NALUK! "DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE DONE UNTO YOURSELF!"



WOW! WHAT WAS THAT HE WAS SAYING ABOUT THE MEEK INHERITING THE EARTH? HE DON'T THINK HE'S MEEK, DOES HE? YIPE! HE MUST BE SKY PILOT... THAT NEW FIGHTING PARSON WHO DON'T TAKE NO GUFF FROM NO ONE!









SKY PILOT'S GREAT HORSE, SNOW KING, GAINS RAPIDLY ON TED BENEDICT, UNTIL, FINALLY...

FASTER, SNOW KING, FASTER!



WAIT, TED! LET ME TALK TO YOU! WAIT!

I'M WARNING YOU, STRANGER... KEEP AWAY! FORGET YOU'VE SEEN ME!



MY TROUBLES ARE NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS! DON'T INTERFERE!

OTHER'S TROUBLES ARE MY BUSINESS!



I WANT TO BE YOUR FRIEND! LET ME HELP YOU!

YOU'RE LYING! YOU WANT TO TRAP ME! THAT TIMBER MISSED YOU... BUT A BULLET WON'T!



IF YOU ARE INNOCENT, GO BACK AND FACE THE LAW! RUNNING AWAY WILL ONLY MAKE PEOPLE SURE YOU ARE GUILTY!

NO! I'M NOT GOING BACK... AND IF YOU DON'T GET OUT OF HERE PRONTO YOU'RE NOT GOING BACK EITHER!



I WARNED--- OWWW! MY WRIST!

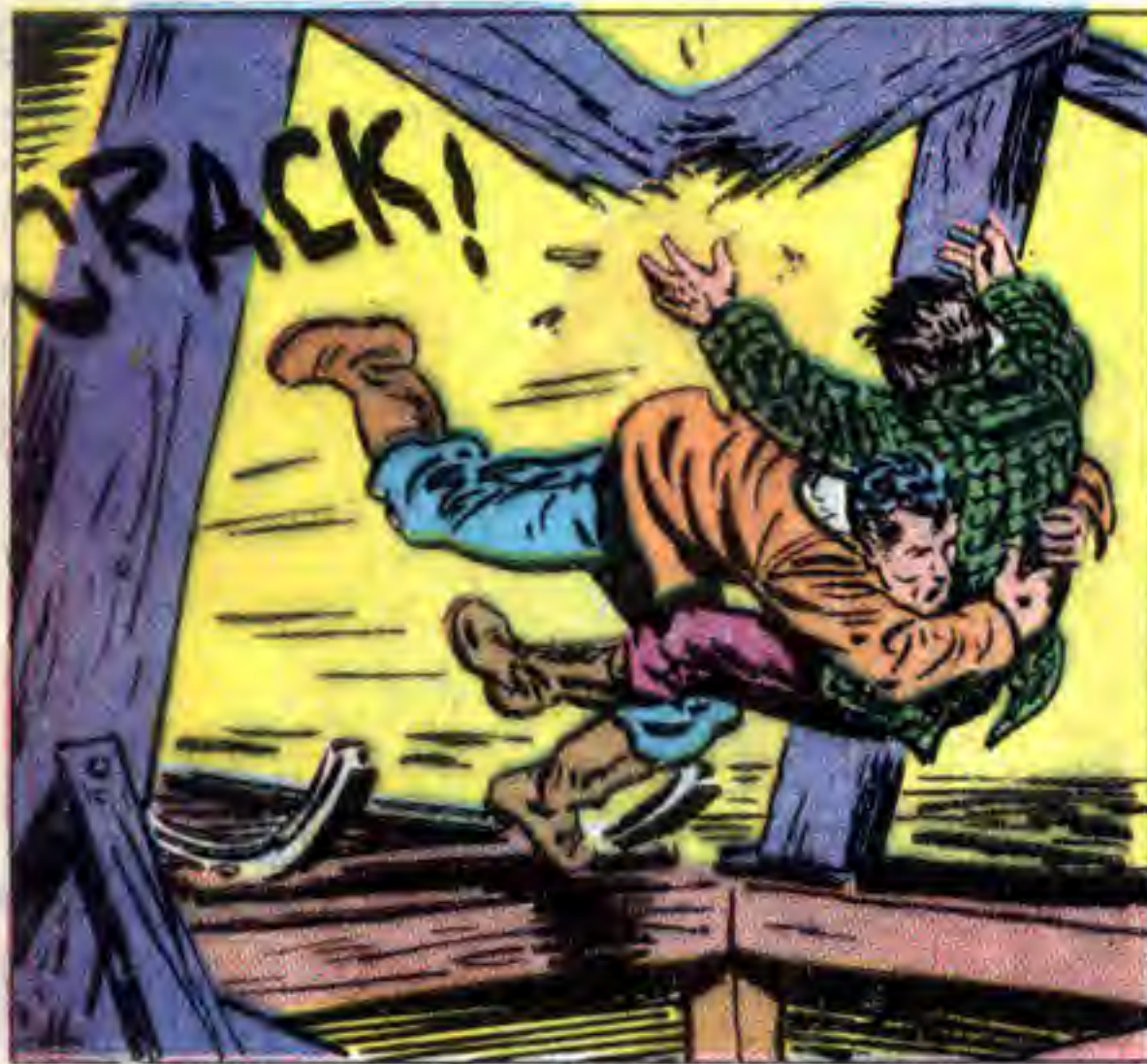
VIOLENCE BREEDS VIOLENCE, FRIEND!











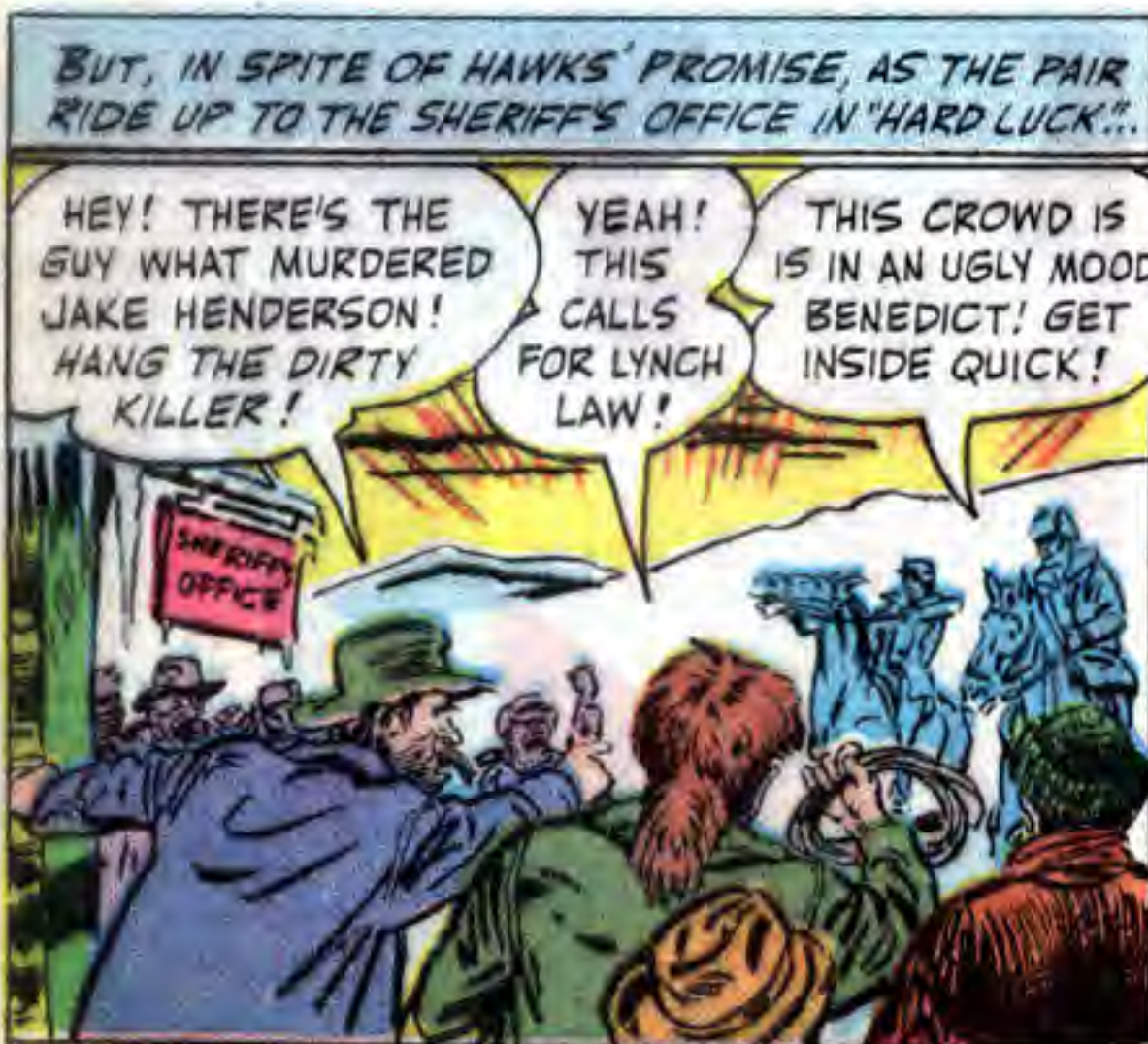
... AT THE RISK OF YOUR OWN! MAYBE YOU ARE TALKING STRAIGHT ABOUT BEING MY FRIEND!

I AM YOUR FRIEND! I WANT YOU CLEARED SO YOU CAN RETURN TO THAT GIRL OF YOURS!



TED BENEDICT'S THE NAME, STRANGER! I'LL GO BACK WITH YOU AND SEE THE SHERIFF!

A WISE MAN FOLLOWS THE DICTATES OF HIS INTELLIGENCE, TED. I'M JOHN HAWKS, ... SOME CALL ME THE SKY PILOT!



BUT, IN SPITE OF HAWKS' PROMISE, AS THE PAIR RIDE UP TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE IN "HARD LUCK"...

HEY! THERE'S THE GUY WHAT MURDERED JAKE HENDERSON! HANG THE DIRTY KILLER!

YEAH! THIS CALLS FOR LYNCH LAW!

THIS CROWD IS IN AN UGLY MOOD, BENEDICT! GET INSIDE QUICK!



TED! YOU'VE COME BACK! WHAT HAPPENED? YOU'RE HURT!!

SHERIFF! GET US INSIDE AND BAR THE DOORS! I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS CROWD!

ME NEITHER! I TOLD THEM TO LEAVE... BUT THEY JUST LAUGH AT ME!





WE'RE IN FOR TROUBLE! LISTEN TO THAT MOB!

BRING BENEDICT OUT OR OR WE'RE COMING IN AND GET TH' SKUNK!

WE AIN'T STANDING FER NO KILLER GOIN' FREE!



SHERIFF! YOU GOT TWO MINUTES TO TURN BENEDICT OVER TO US!

WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? I'M A FAMILY MAN... I CAN'T RISK GETTING MYSELF KILLED!

I'LL HANDLE THIS, SHERIFF!



WHILE I REASON WITH THE MOB, NORA, YOU SLIP OUT THE BACK WAY AND GO AFTER THE MOUNTIES! TAKE MY HORSE!



QUIET, MEN, QUIET! BEFORE YOU HOT-HEADED FOOLS GO ANY FARTHER...RE-MEMBER THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT...! THOU SHALT NOT KILL!"

DON'T LISSSEN TO SKY PILOT'S SANCTIMONIOUS BILGE, MEN! RUSH 'IM!



YA HEAR ME?!! JAKE HENDERSON WAS AN ALL-RIGHT GUY... BUT NOW HE'S DEAD BECAUSE THAT BENEDICT RAT FED HIM A .45 SLUG!!

YEAH! SNAG JENSEN'S RIGHT? KILL BENEDICT! KILL THE SHERIFF! HANG 'EM ALL!



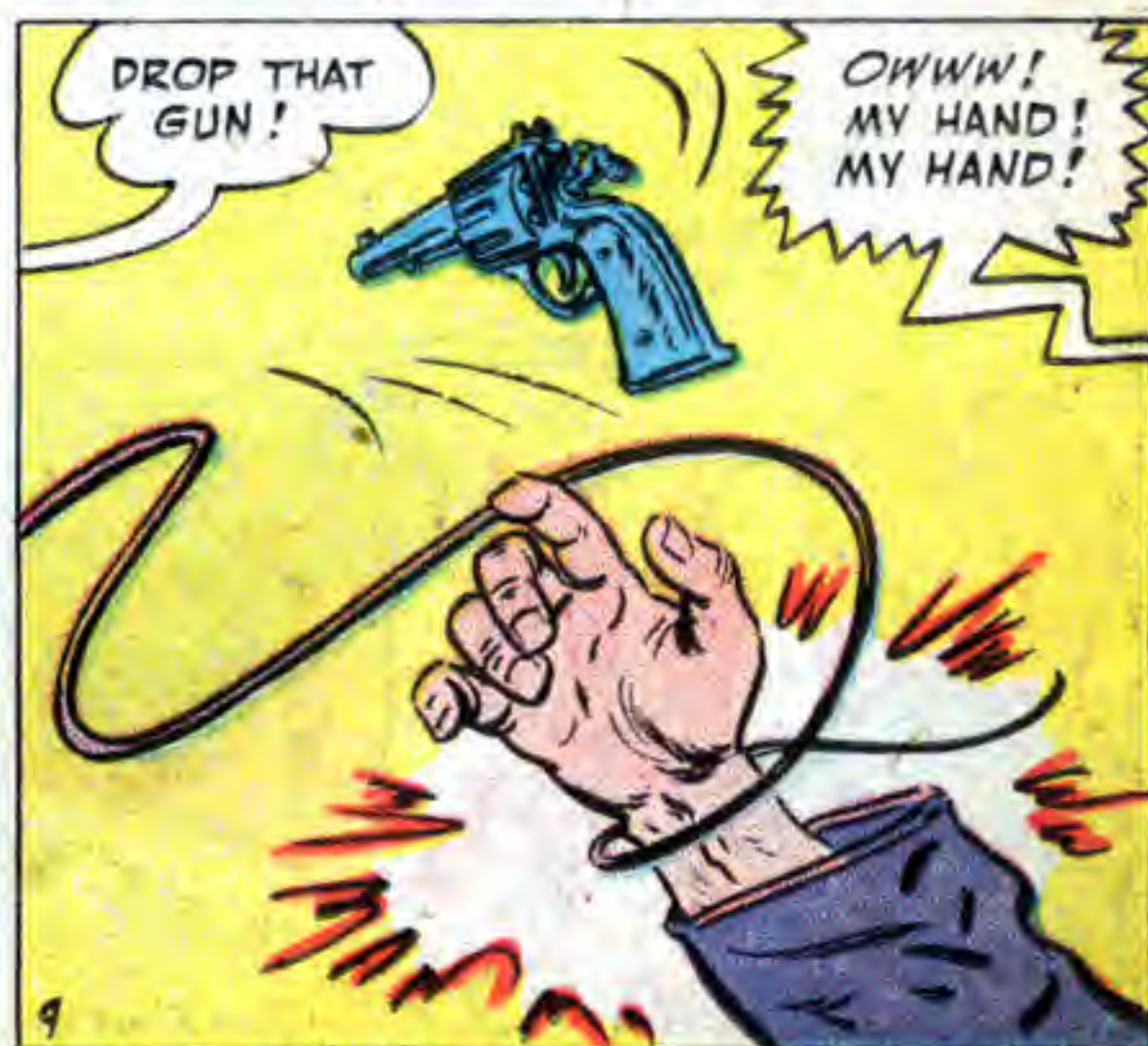
THINK WHAT YOU'RE DOING! MEN, THINK!

WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR GUFF, PARSON! WE'RE MOVING IN!













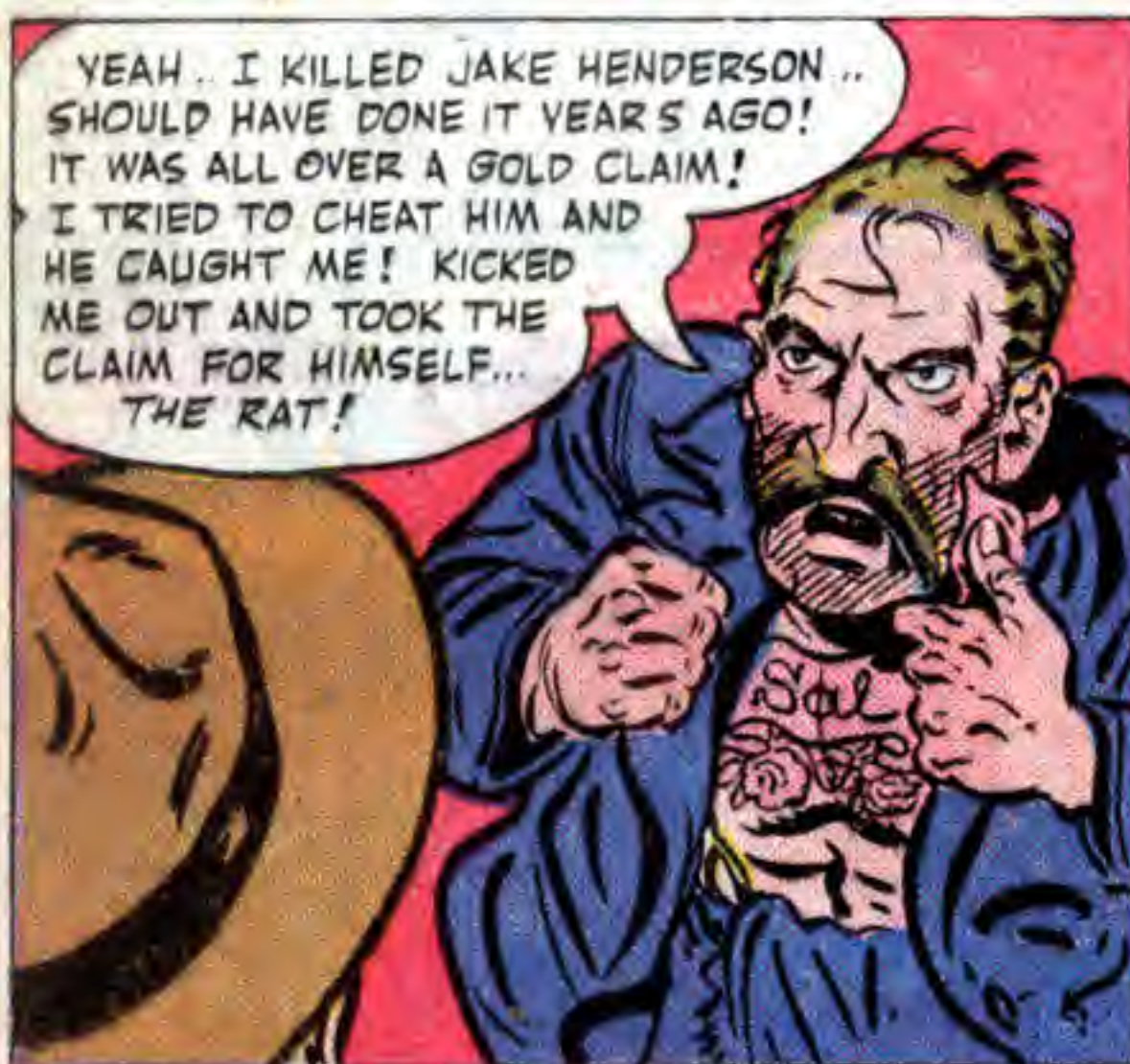
NOW C'M'ERE!



LEGGO!  
HEY...

LOOK! JENSEN'S  
CHEST! THE  
TATTOO MARK!

SO... THAT'S  
WHY HE LED  
THE MOB  
AGAINST ME!



YEAH... I KILLED JAKE HENDERSON...  
SHOULD HAVE DONE IT YEARS AGO!  
IT WAS ALL OVER A GOLD CLAIM!  
I TRIED TO CHEAT HIM AND  
HE CAUGHT ME! KICKED  
ME OUT AND TOOK THE  
CLAIM FOR HIMSELF...  
THE RAT!



JENSEN,  
WHAT'S THE  
MEANING  
OF "SAL"?

SAL WAS THE GAL I HOPED TO  
MARRY! FINEST WOMAN IN THE  
WORLD! I GOT WRONGLY ACCUSED  
OF A ROBBERY, JUST BEFORE OUR  
WEDDING DAY! INSTEAD OF FACING  
THE MUSIC... AND PROVING I WASN'T  
GUILTY... I RAN OUT! WELL, BY  
THE TIME THEY FOUND OUT I  
DIDN'T COMMIT THAT ROBBERY,  
I'D BEEN REALLY MIXED UP IN  
SOME CROOKED DEALS! I  
JUST WENT FROM BAD TO  
WORSE...



HAWKS, IF YOU HADN'T  
BROUGHT ME BACK, I  
MIGHT HAVE ENDED UP  
THE SAME WAY JENSEN  
DID! HOW CAN I EVER  
THANK YOU?

HE WHO LABORS IN  
THE LORD'S VINEYARDS  
DOES NOT EXPECT THANKS!  
A GOOD LIFE WILL OFFER  
THANKS TO THE LORD!



TELL ALL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT THIS GREAT  
NEW COMICS HERO... A MAN WHO PUTS HIS  
FAITH IN GOD... AND CARRIES ON THE BATTLE  
FOR JUSTICE AND HUMANITY WITH HIS FISTS--

**SKY PILOT**





## in "THE LUMBER PIRATES"

**T**HE NORTHLAND IS A COUNTRY OF GREAT COLD, VIOLENT UPHEAVALS OF NATURE, AND GIANT TREES, WHERE DEATH AND PRIMITIVE LIFE LURK... A RUGGED COUNTRY, WHERE ONLY STRONG, RED-BLOODED MEN CAN SURVIVE! THIS IS A TALE OF JUST SUCH MEN... FOR HERE *Skypilot* BATTLES THE "LUMBER PIRATES"!

THERE ARE MEN IN THE NORTH CALLED LUMBER PIRATES... BRUTAL, STRONG MEN WHO CUT AND SELL TIMBER WITHOUT LICENSE IN DEFIANCE OF THE LAW! SUCH A MAN WAS JULES BROUSSAC!

BY GAR, THAT EES FINE STAND OF TIMBER! MAKE CAMP, WE CUT HERE!

WE CAN FLOAT THEES LOGS DOWN THE RIVAIR BELOW, EH, JULES?

SURE, THEES TIMBER SLIDE DOWN THE SLOPE EENTO THE WATER! SACRE NOM, WHAT YOU WAIT FOR? BEGEEEN CUTTING!

HAH, YOU ARE ANXIOUS TO GET A GOOD CUTTING STARTED DOWN THE RIVAIR BEFORE THE MOUNTIES FIND OUT! I THINK WE MAKE MUCH MONEY FROM THEES TIMBER!







LOOK, JULES,  
SOME  
BLUBBER-EATERS  
COME!

WAT YOU WANT, ESKIMOS?  
SAY EET AN' BE QUICK! WE  
HAVE WORK TO DO AN' CAN-  
NOT BE BOTHAIRED BY  
BEGGARS!



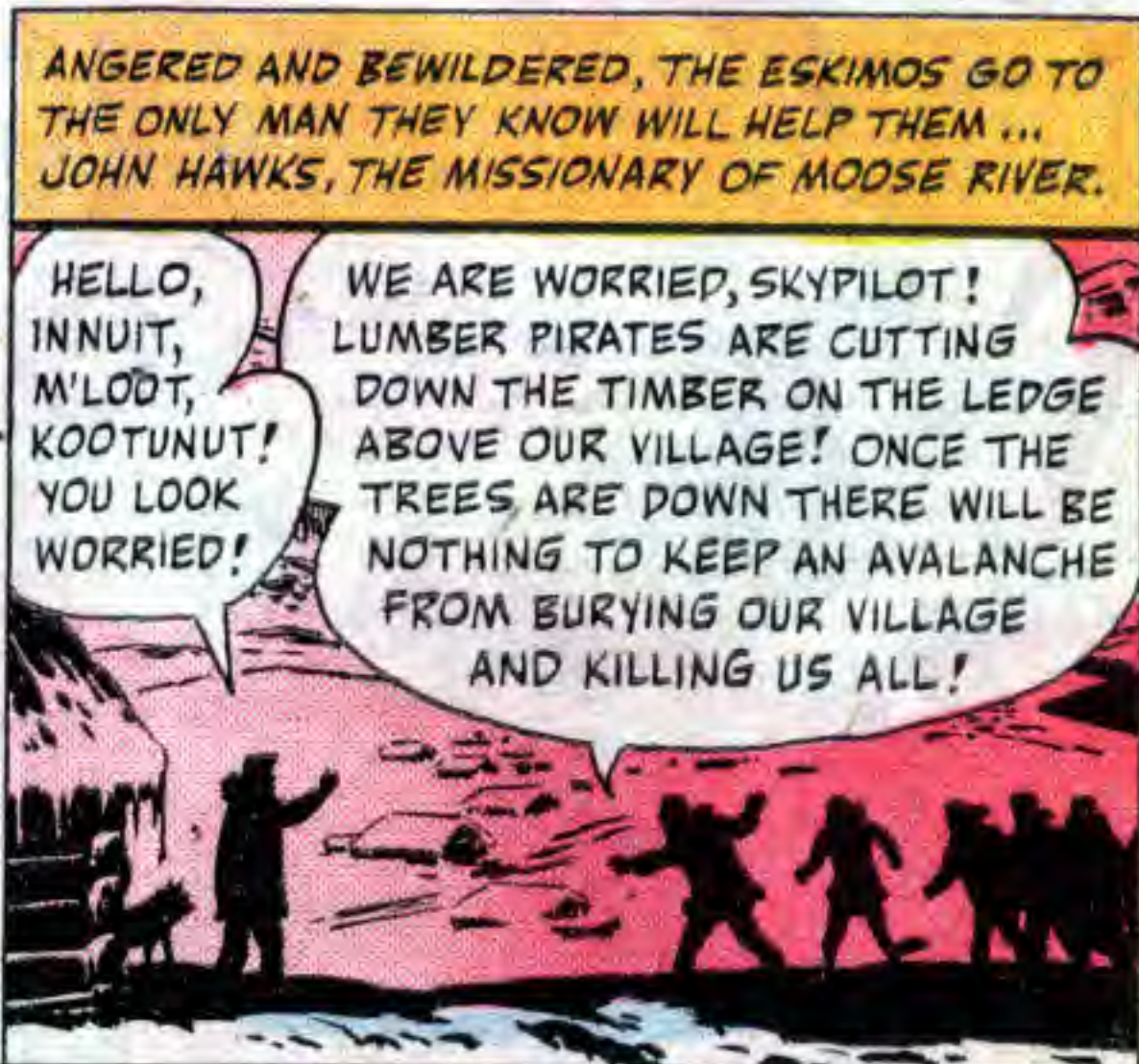
WE  
ARE NOT  
BEGGARS!

BE STILL, CHILD! SIR, YOU HAVE  
NO RIGHT TO CUT THIS TIMBER.  
THIS IS ESKIMO LAND, OWNED BY  
US! BELOW IS OUR VILLAGE AND  
IF THESE TREES ARE CUT, SHALE  
AND ICE FROM THE TOP OF THIS  
MOUNTAIN WILL COME DOWN AND  
KILL US! ONLY THIS BELT OF  
TIMBER HOLDS THE SHALE AND  
ICE FROM FALLING!



WAT EEF THE ICE  
KEELS YOU... WAT  
LOSS EES THAT,  
BLUBBER-EATERS?  
GET OUT OF HERE...  
BIG JULES TAKE WAT  
HE WANTS, AN' HE  
WANTS THEES  
TIMBER!

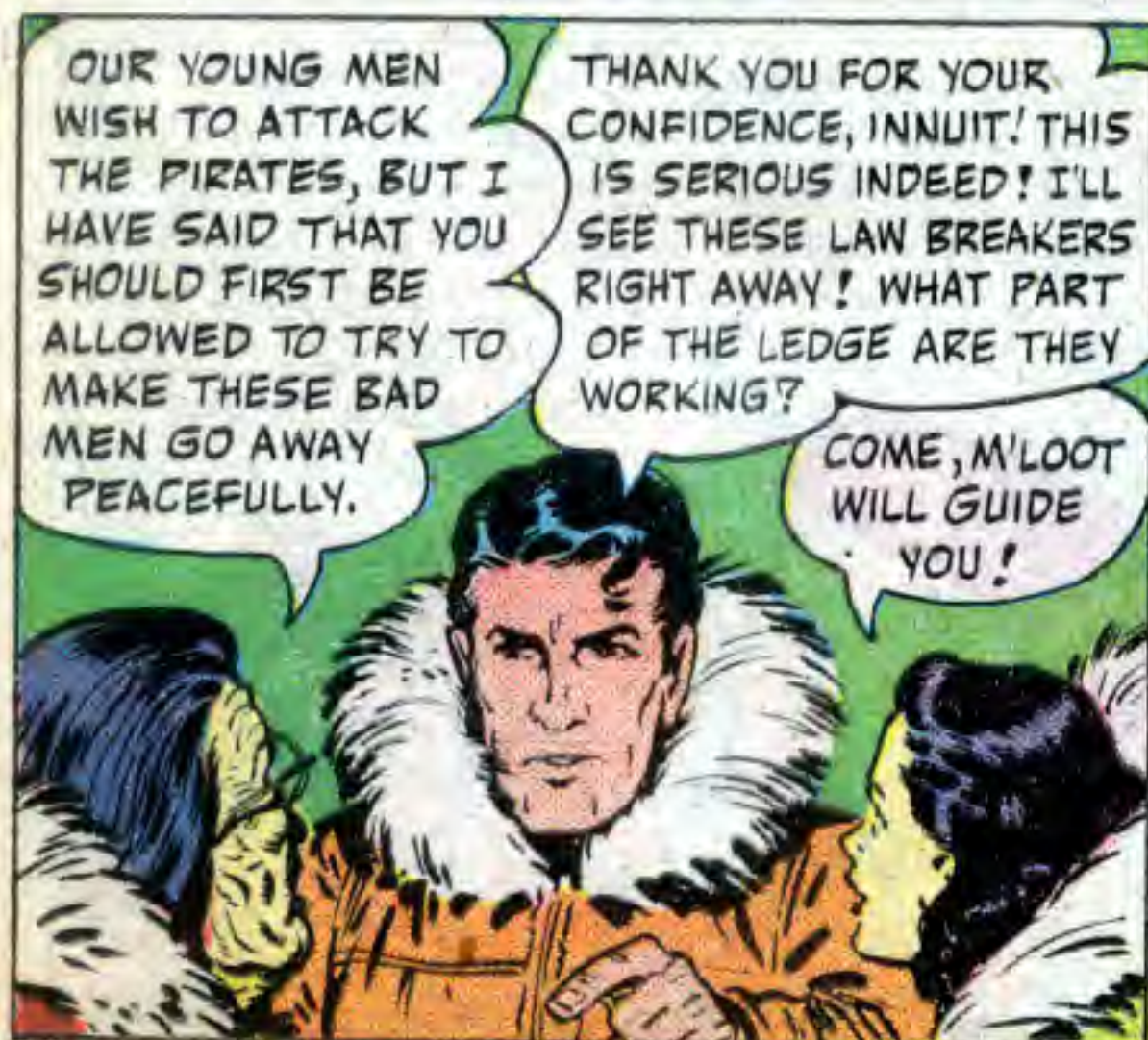
EET YOU COME  
BACK, WE KEEL  
YOU!



ANGERED AND BEWILDERED, THE ESKIMOS GO TO  
THE ONLY MAN THEY KNOW WILL HELP THEM ...  
JOHN HAWKS, THE MISSIONARY OF MOOSE RIVER.

HELLO,  
INNUIT,  
M'LOOT,  
KOOTUNUT!  
YOU LOOK  
WORRIED!

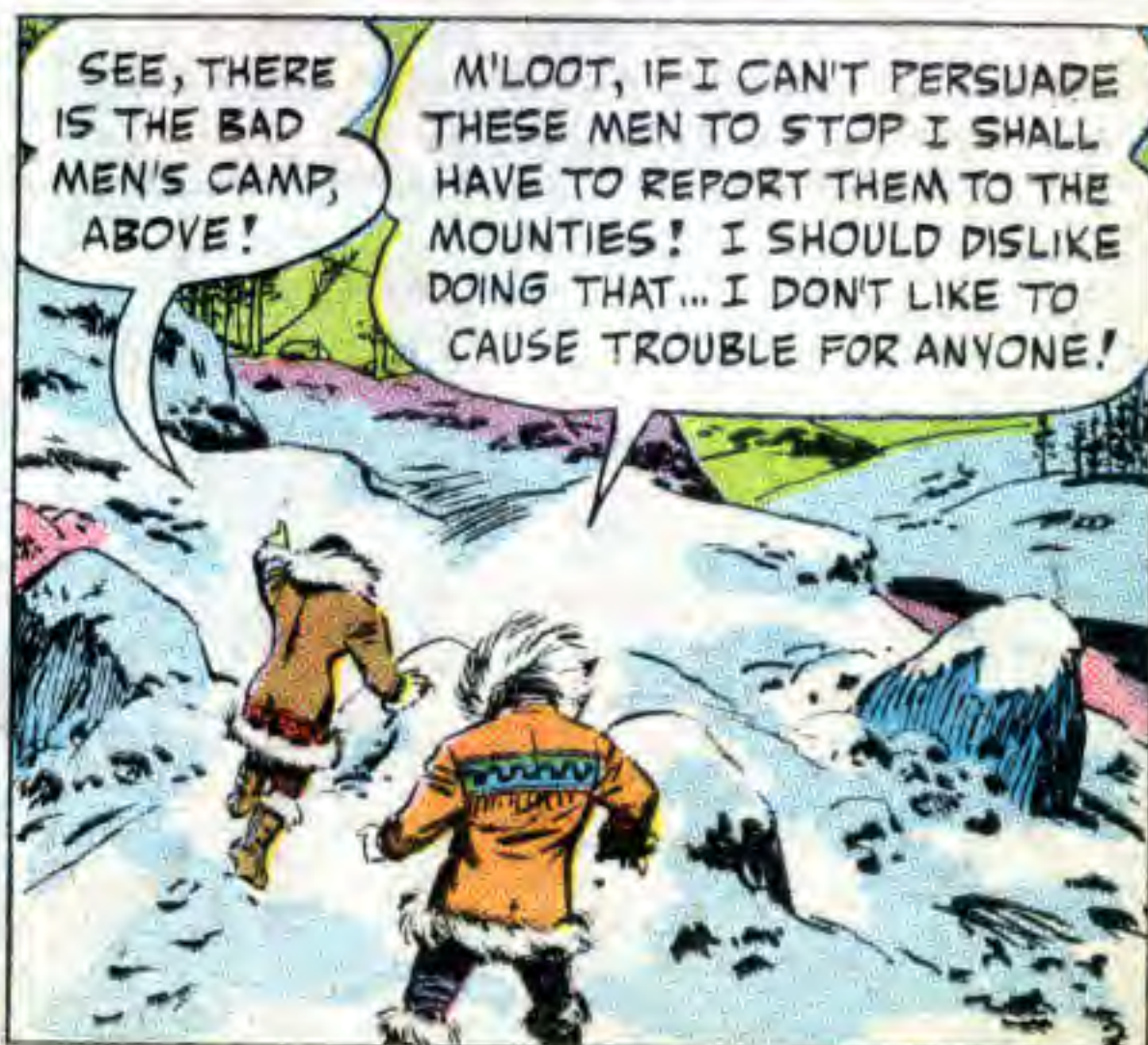
WE ARE WORRIED, SKYPILOT!  
LUMBER PIRATES ARE CUTTING  
DOWN THE TIMBER ON THE LEDGE  
ABOVE OUR VILLAGE! ONCE THE  
TREES ARE DOWN THERE WILL BE  
NOTHING TO KEEP AN AVALANCHE  
FROM BURYING OUR VILLAGE  
AND KILLING US ALL!



OUR YOUNG MEN  
WISH TO ATTACK  
THE PIRATES, BUT I  
HAVE SAID THAT YOU  
SHOULD FIRST BE  
ALLOWED TO TRY TO  
MAKE THESE BAD  
MEN GO AWAY  
PEACEFULLY.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR  
CONFIDENCE, INNUIT! THIS  
IS SERIOUS INDEED! I'LL  
SEE THESE LAW BREAKERS  
RIGHT AWAY! WHAT PART  
OF THE LEDGE ARE THEY  
WORKING?

COME, M'LOOT  
WILL GUIDE  
YOU!



SEE, THERE  
IS THE BAD  
MEN'S CAMP,  
ABOVE!

M'LOOT, IF I CAN'T PERSUADE  
THESE MEN TO STOP I SHALL  
HAVE TO REPORT THEM TO THE  
MOUNTIES! I SHOULD DISLIKE  
DOING THAT... I DON'T LIKE TO  
CAUSE TROUBLE FOR ANYONE!





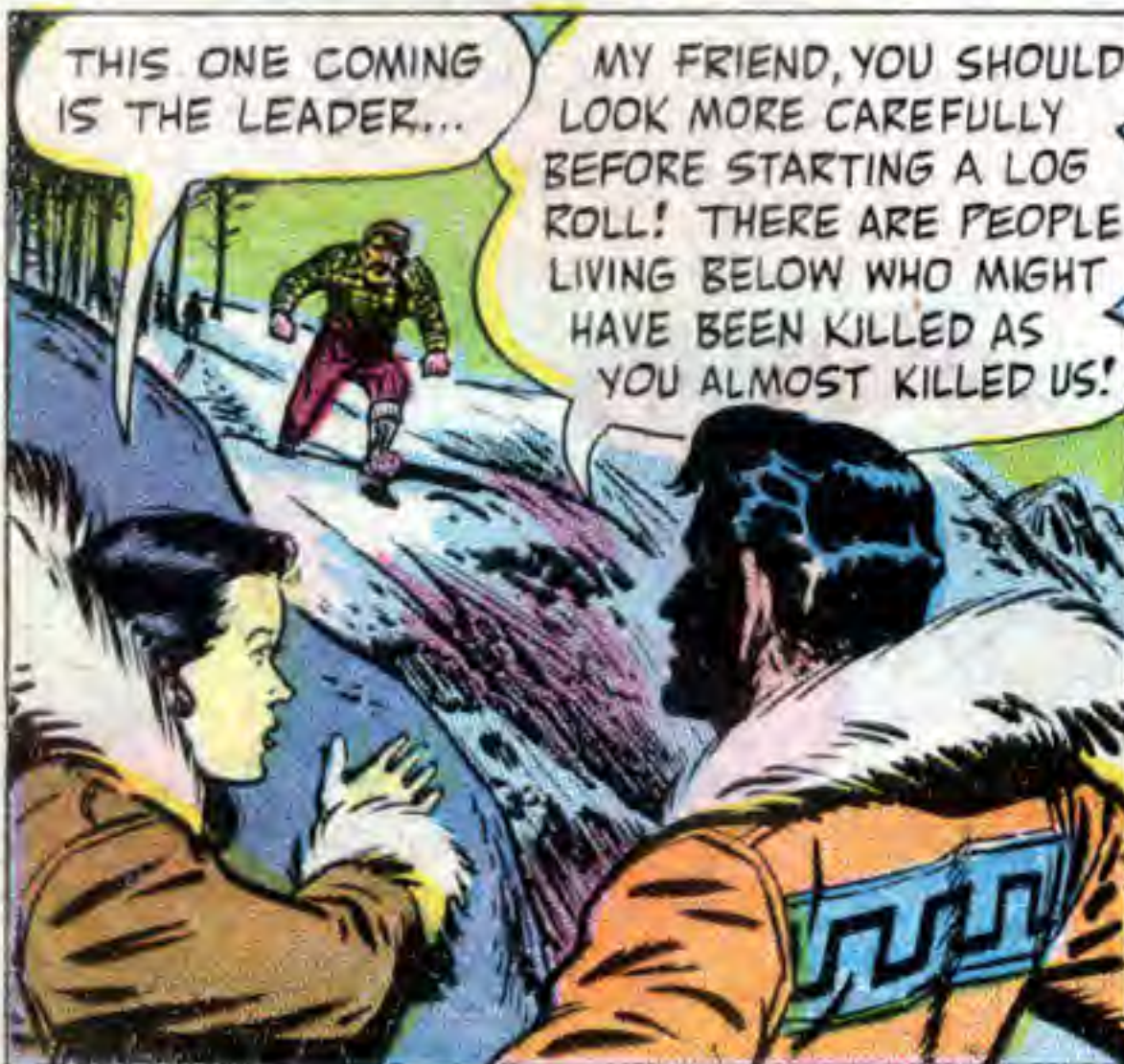
LOOK OUT!  
THEY HAVE  
LOOSENED  
THE LOGS  
ON US!

THIS WAY,  
M'LOOT...  
QUICKLY!



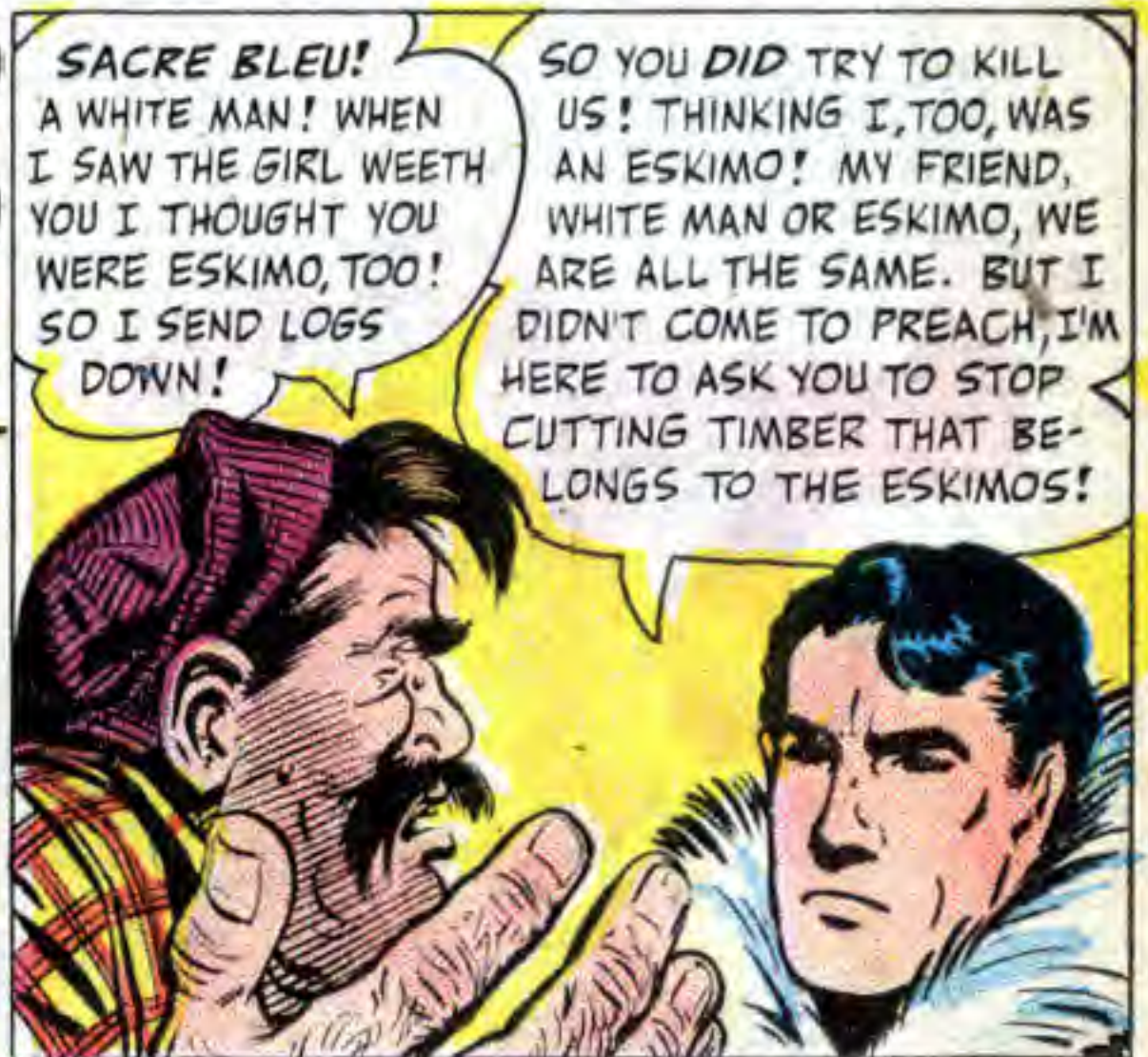
THEY MEANT TO  
KILL US!...AND WOULD  
HAVE IF YOU HADN'T  
ACTED SO SWIFTLY!

I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT  
THESE MEN ARE MURDER-  
ERS, M'LOOT! THEY JUST  
DIDN'T SEE US AND  
STARTED THE LOGS  
DOWN TO THE  
RIVER.



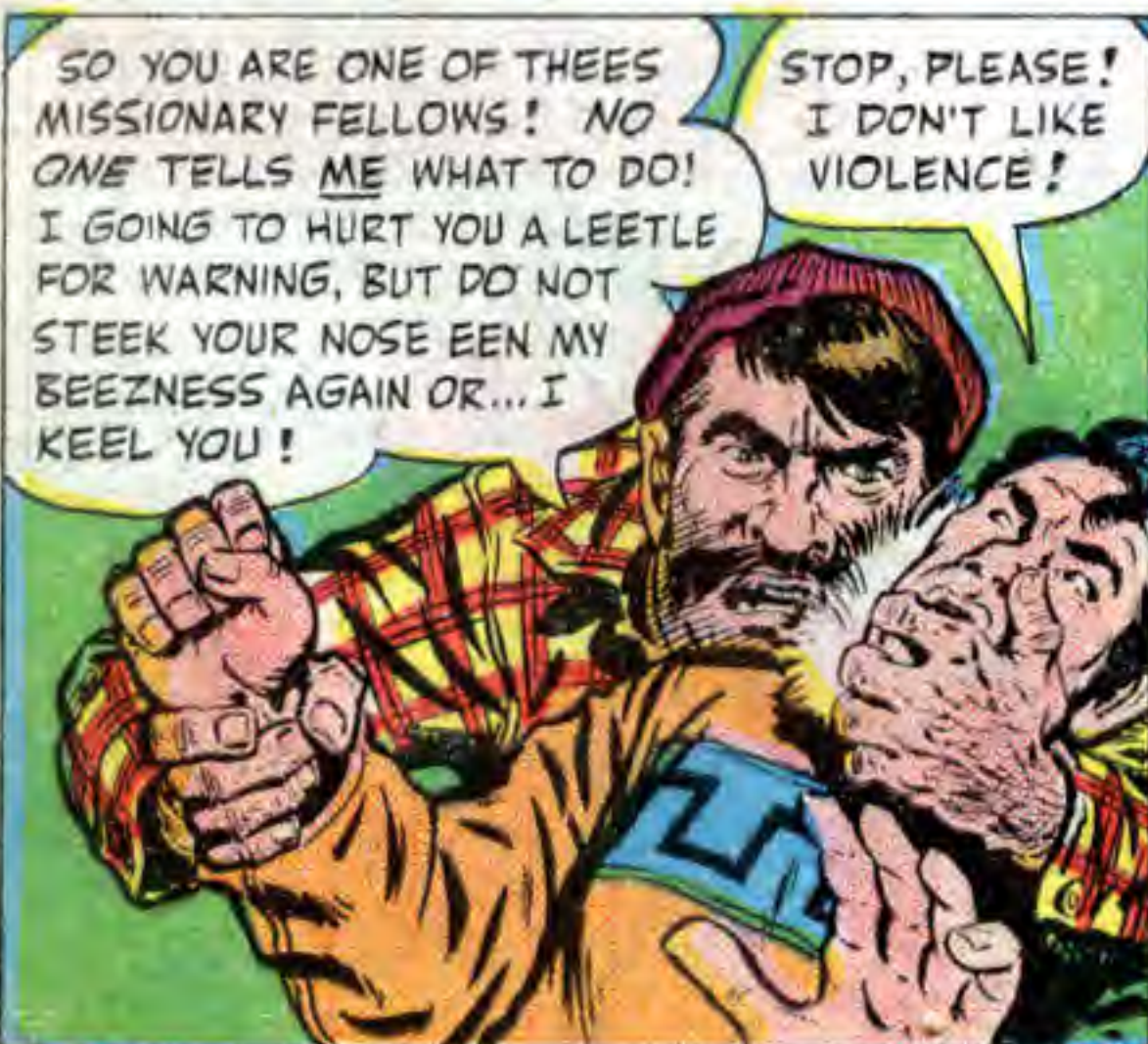
THIS ONE COMING  
IS THE LEADER...

MY FRIEND, YOU SHOULD  
LOOK MORE CAREFULLY  
BEFORE STARTING A LOG  
ROLL! THERE ARE PEOPLE  
LIVING BELOW WHO MIGHT  
HAVE BEEN KILLED AS  
YOU ALMOST KILLED US!



SACRE BLEU!  
A WHITE MAN! WHEN  
I SAW THE GIRL WEETH  
YOU I THOUGHT YOU  
WERE ESKIMO, TOO!  
SO I SEND LOGS  
DOWN!

SO YOU DID TRY TO KILL  
US! THINKING I, TOO, WAS  
AN ESKIMO! MY FRIEND,  
WHITE MAN OR ESKIMO, WE  
ARE ALL THE SAME. BUT I  
DIDN'T COME TO PREACH, I'M  
HERE TO ASK YOU TO STOP  
CUTTING TIMBER THAT BE-  
LONGS TO THE ESKIMOS!



SO YOU ARE ONE OF THEES  
MISSIONARY FELLOWS! NO  
ONE TELLS ME WHAT TO DO!  
I GOING TO HURT YOU A LEETLE  
FOR WARNING, BUT DO NOT  
STEEK YOUR NOSE EEN MY  
BEEZNESS AGAIN OR... I  
KEEL YOU!

STOP, PLEASE!  
I DON'T LIKE  
VIOLENCE!



I SAID  
STOP!



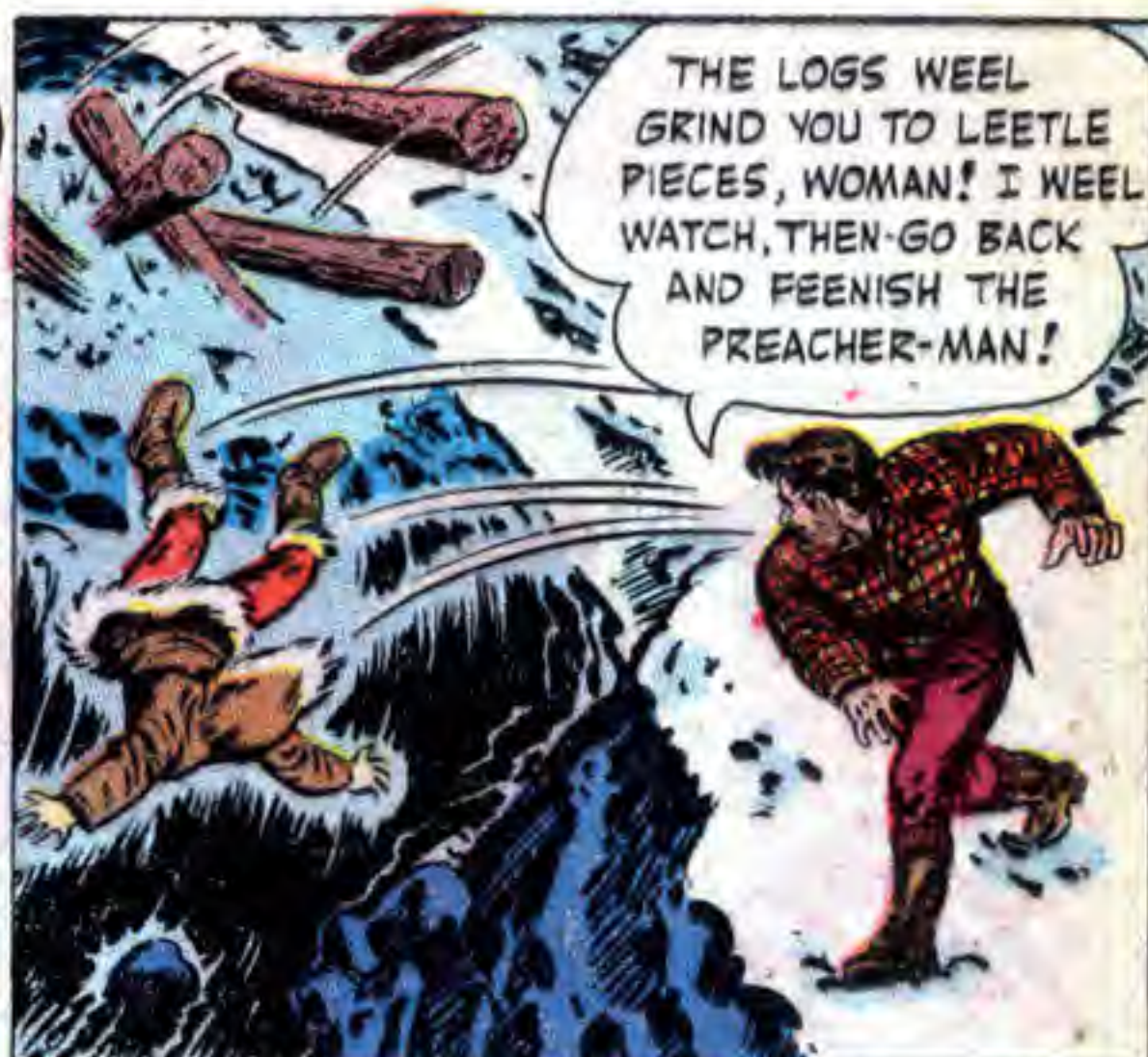






I WILL TELL  
THE MOUNTIES!  
YOU WILL BE  
JAILED  
FOREVER!

YOU WEEL TELL NO ONE  
NOTHING WHEN I AM THROUGH  
WEETH YOU! MEN... LOOSE  
THOSE LOGS!

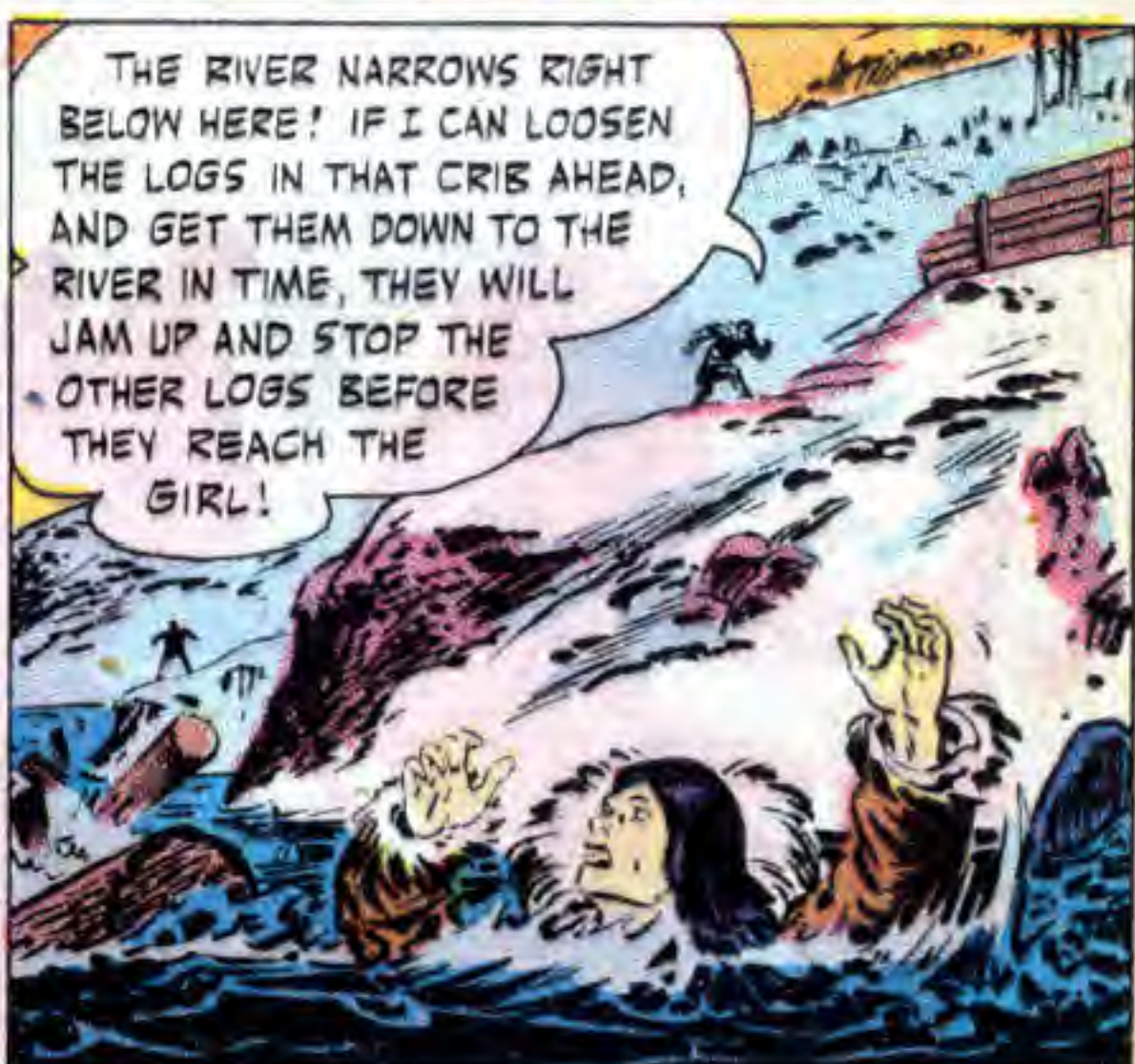


THE LOGS WEEL  
GRIND YOU TO LEETLE  
PIECES, WOMAN! I WEEL  
WATCH, THEN-GO BACK  
AND FEENISH THE  
PREACHER-MAN!



THE CLEAN LIFE THAT SKYPILOT HAS LED SERVES  
HIM WELL NOW! HE RECOVERS RAPIDLY FROM THE  
BRUTAL MAULING!

I'VE GOT TO SAVE THAT  
PLUCKY GIRL... BUT HOW?  
I'VE GOT IT! THE ONLY  
THING THAT HAS A  
CHANCE OF SUCCESS!



THE RIVER NARROWS RIGHT  
BELOW HERE! IF I CAN LOOSEN  
THE LOGS IN THAT CRIB AHEAD,  
AND GET THEM DOWN TO THE  
RIVER IN TIME, THEY WILL  
JAM UP AND STOP THE  
OTHER LOGS BEFORE  
THEY REACH THE  
GIRL!



THEY'RE COMING  
LOOSE... I HOPE THEY  
DON'T HIT THE GIRL  
AS THE RIVER SWEEPS  
HER PAST HERE!



PRESSED BY THE TONS OF LOGS, THE WEAKENED  
CRIB LETS GO AND THE LOGS THUNDER DOWN THE  
SLOPE AND PILE SMASHING INTO THE RIVER!

HANG ON,  
M'LOOT!  
I'M COMING!

HURRY!  
THE CURRENT  
IS PULLING AT  
ME! I...I  
CAN'T HOLD  
OUT MUCH  
LONGER!



UNDER SKYPILOT'S FLYING FEET, THE JAMMED LOGS SHIFT AND QUIVER OMINOUSLY AS THE TIMBER BEHIND STRIKES THEM AND PILE UP!

BY GAR, THAT PREACHER FELLOW IS TOUGH... BUT HE WEEL NOT BEST BEEG JULES!



WE MUST GET OFF THIS JAM FAST! IT MIGHT LET GO ANY MINUTE! BESIDES WE'RE PERFECT TARGETS FOR OUR FRIEND JULES!

I KNEW YOU WOULD SAVE ME! ONLY YOU COULD HAVE DONE IT!

POW! POW!



HE DODGES LAK JACK RABBIT... I CANNOT HIT HIM! BUT I-FEEEX HEEM YET! PIERRE... BREENG ME DYNAMITE... QUEEKLY!

SURE, JULES, RIGHT AWAY!



THE JAM DIDN'T STRETCH ALL THE WAY ACROSS! WE CAN'T GET OVER THAT!

IF THE JAM SHAKES LOOSE, THESE LOGS WILL THROW US INTO THE RIVER AND CRUSH US!



MEANWHILE, JULES HAS PLANTED HIS DYNAMITE UNDER THE KEY LOG OF THE JAM, TO BLOW IT UP AND START THE PILED UP LOGS ROLLING DOWN THE RAGING RIVER!

HA! PRETTY SOON, ONE BIG BANG... THEN WE SEE HOW LONG YOU STAY ON LOGS, MEESTER PREACHER MAN!



HE'S BLOWN THE JAM! LOOK! THE LOGS ARE MOVING! WE ARE DONE FOR!

NOT YET!





THE TREACHEROUS LOGS LEAP, ROLL AND PLUNGE LIKE LIVE THINGS IN THE RACING RIVER...WET, UNSURE MENACES UNDER SKYPILOT'S FLYING FEET! ONE SLIP MEANS A CRUSHING, GRINDING DEATH!

IF I CAN STAY UPRIGHT UNTIL I REACH THOSE OVERHANGING TREES...



JUST A FEW FEET MORE... HANG ON, M'LOOT!

ALL RIGHT!



MIRACULOUSLY, SKYPILOT KEEPS HIS BALANCE ON THE CHURNING TIMBER... THEN, AS THE SWIFT-MOVING LOGS CARRY HIM TO THE OVER-HANGING BRANCHES, HE LEAPS UPWARD, AND...

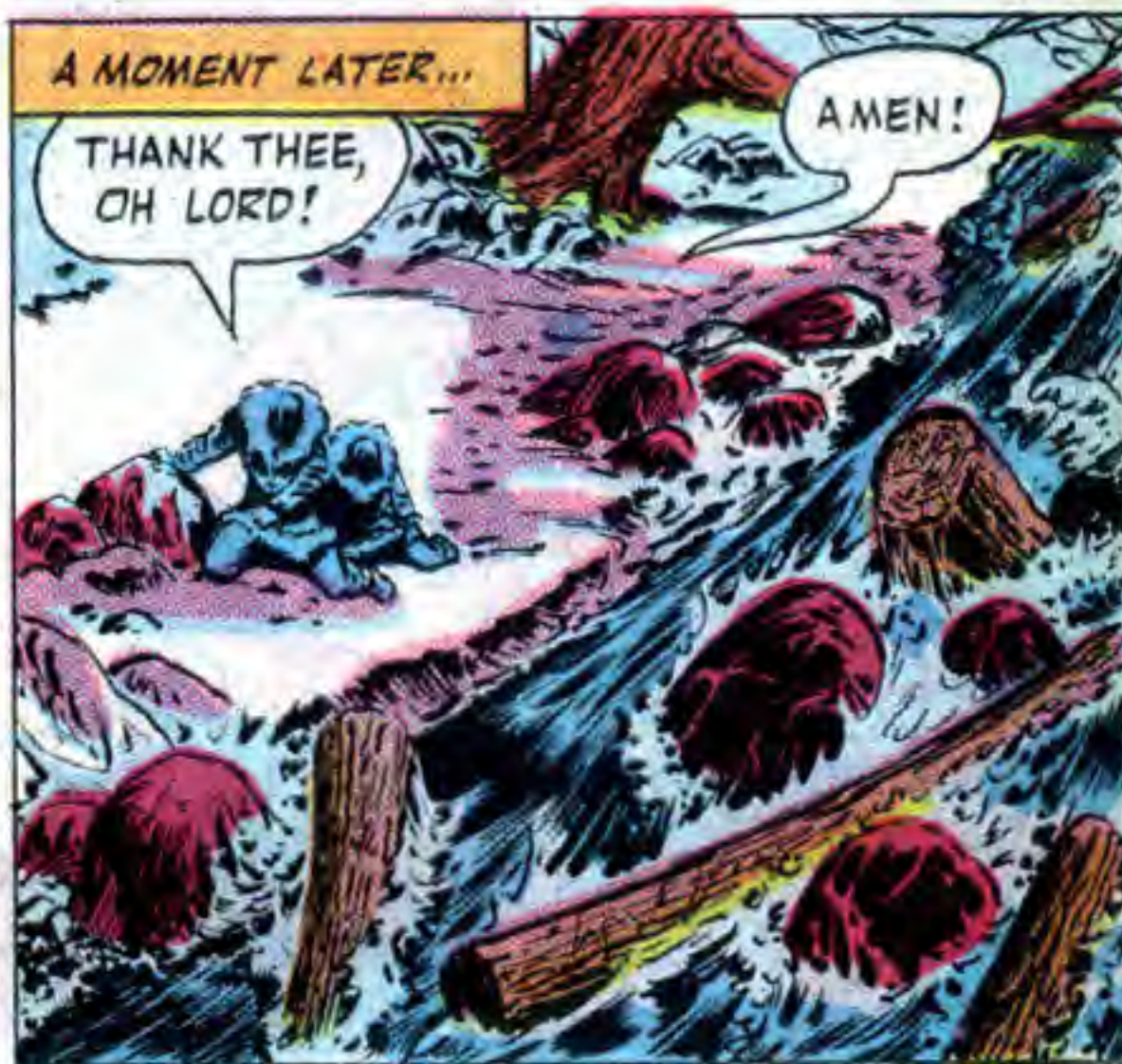
MADE IT!



A MOMENT LATER...

THANK THEE, OH LORD!

AMEN!



THINKING THE MISSIONARY AND THE GIRL HAVE BEEN KILLED AMONGST THE LOGS, BIG JULES AND HIS MEN RESUME THEIR LOGGING OPERATIONS.

NOW WEEL'SKEEN THEES LEDGE OF TIMBER! WORK, YOU NAMELESS PEEGS... WORK!

WAIT, JULES! WHAT EES THAT RUMBLING SOUND?!!



RUN! EET EES AN AVALANCHE!

THEY WARNED US AND WE PAID NO HEED!





THE ESKIMOS, AROUSED TO FURY BY THE AVALANCHE, ARM THEMSELVES AND FALL UPON JULE'S FRIGHTENED, DISORGANIZED LUMBERMEN, CAPTURING THEM WITHOUT A STRUGGLE!

THE BLUBBER-EATERS HAVE CAPTURED THOSE FOOLS! NOW EES TIME FOR JULES TO GO... BEFORE THE MOUNTIES COME!

NO, JULES! IT'S TOO LATE TO RUN OUT NOW!



YOU! EVERYTHING THAT HAS HAPPENED TO BIG JULES EES YOUR FAULT! I THOUGHT I HAVE KEEL YOU, BUT NOW, EEF YOU BE MAN OR GHOST, I MAKE SURE I KEEL YOU!

JULES, DON'T YOU THINK IT WOULD BE BETTER IF YOU CAME QUIETLY AND TOOK YOUR JUST PUNISHMENT FROM THE LAW?



I SHOW YOU HOW QUIETLY JULES WEEL GO! I WEEL CUT YOUR HEART OUT, YOU...!



NOW THE TWO MEN STRAIN AGAINST EACH OTHER IN A SILENT DEADLY DUEL! ONLY THE SODDEN SOUND OF FIST ON FLESH, THE CRACK OF STRAINING SINEW, AND THE SHUFFLE OF MOVING FEET CAN BE HEARD!



THE POWERFUL LOGGER SAGS UNDER THE BLOW AND SKYPILOT PUTS EVERY BIT OF STRENGTH HE HAS LEFT INTO A PILE-DRIVING SMASH TO THE BIG MAN'S JAW!

THAT DOES---IT!



AN HOUR LATER, JULES AND HIS MEN ARE IN THE CUSTODY OF THE NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE, AND ARE TAKEN AWAY TO FACE THEIR JUST PUNISHMENT!

OUR VILLAGE WILL BE SAFE IF NO MORE TREES ARE REMOVED! HOW CAN WE REPAY YOU FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE?

I ASK NO PAYMENT, BUT FOR YOUR OWN SAKES I ASK THAT YOU COME TO CHURCH ON SUNDAY, AND HELP SPREAD THE GOSPEL ON THIS FRONTIER.



THE END.



# CHEECHAKO CONSTABLE

"You theenk you will take Big Pierre to Peace River Crossing? Eef you theenk that, you are a beeg fool!"

Constable Jim Thorne of the Royal Canadian Northwest Mounted Police looked at the big French-Canadian, and at the glittering steel handcuffs that enclosed the man's huge wrists. Constable Jim was a big man himself, but the French-Canadian was a giant. And he knew the barren stretches that lay between these northern snowlands, and the end of steel at Peace River Crossing.

Pierre leBlanc grinned at the young constable. "You new man. A *cheechako*. A tenderfoot! You not know these moraines like I do. I weel get away. You weel not take me back to trial for murder."

The big man laughed, and his laughter was a file grating cold chills down Constable Jim's back. He stared as the Frenchman walked on his snowshoes, up ahead of the malemute dog team harnessed to the big, bent-runnered sled. *The worst of it is, thought the Mountie grimly, the big Canuck is right!* Constable Jim Thorne was a recruit with the Force. He did not know these wind-swept snowlands high above the Circle. But the Corporal at Fort Crow had given him the job, and it was his duty to do it.

With the big Frenchman breaking trail through the fluffy snow for the dogs, and the Constable moving easily behind the gliding sled, they moved past the headwaters of the Mackenzie River. The wind and the cold blanketed the great stretches of snow fields. They moved timelessly across the white barrens, steadily.

For two days and two nights, they slid over the snow. The only words spoken were the grim, amused taunts of the big French-Canadian. "You are nice young man. You play thees baseball, hein? I 'ave heard of you. But thees northland, she ees no baseball diamond!"

And the Canuck's booming laughter would shake the ptarmagin from the stumpy pines in the timber line to their left.

Pierre would say, "When I leave you, you be careful, boy! I keel Jean the Cat because he ees need killing! But I do not want to keel you. I weel not. No! I weel leave you to shift for yourself, so be careful!"

Constable Jim became even more cautious with the taunts. He hand-fed big Pierre at every stop. He tied his ankles when the Canuck rolled himself into a blanket. He sat up half the night until he was sure the trapper was asleep. He took every precaution that he could think of.

But the hours of worry and sleeplessness, two nights in a row, began to tell. It was while he was feeding Pierre that the Canuck brought his right foot up into Constable Jim's face. Thorne rolled backward, pain shooting red lightnings across his eyeballs. Pierre did not roar as he leaped for the almost unconscious Mountie. He was as silent as a wolf stalking the caribou.

Pierre saved his breath and his strength, and he landed on Constable Jim with both knees under his ribs. The shock of that blow drove the air from the Mountie's lungs.

As Constable Jim writhed under the torture of lungs straining for air, big Pierre clubbed him under the chin with a knotted fist. The Mountie's head went back against the snow, then twisted sideways, limp.

The Canuck climbed to his feet, looking down on the unconscious constable. He grunted, and turned away. He went to the sled and levered a shell into the constable's service rifle, then came back to stand over the inert man. He growled, "Ha, thees cheechako constable ees no threat to ol' Pierre. I weel not keel him. I weel only take away hees gun an' knife!"

He knelt and searched Thorne carefully. He found a silver flask tucked under a hip, and unscrewed the top, grinning. But instead of brandy or whiskey, there was only water in the canteen. The Canuck chuckled and replaced the flask. He said, "When the cold begin to bite heem, he weel wish eet was brandy een there, you bet!"

Then he took the sled and the dogs, with all the food and weapons on them, and moved off through the night.

It was a quarter of an hour later that Constable Jim stirred and sat up. He stared dazedly around him, reading the traces of the Canuck's hasty flight in the trampled snow. He climbed to his feet and set out, following the twin ridges of the sled's runners in the bright moonlight.

For hours, he plodded along, knowing he



was falling farther and farther behind at every step. The cold wind was whipping loose snow in swirling tornados of fury. Three times he fell during that long night march, and each time he was weaker when he got to his feet.

*I'll never catch him,* he told himself, as he moved through the bright glare of a winter's day. *And even if I do, I could never overcome him. It took three men to take him, back at Fort Crow!*

But he went on, mile after unrelenting mile. He tore off a bit of bark and clawed at it, making crude snow goggles to protect his eyes from the pitiless glare of the sun-flooded snowfields.

It was after dark when he reached a small trail cabin on the rim of a forest of lodgepole pines. The sled was leaning against the log wall. The dogs, and Pierre leBlanc, were inside the cabin, out of the fury of the storm that was piling up in great gusts of snow and wind.

Constable Jim stood swaying, three hundred yards from the cabin. A great plume of thick, grey smoke was pouring out of the crude stone chimney. Idly, he watched it, shivering even in his fur parka, as the wind blew snow all around him.

He said wryly, "It sure isn't baseball weather, that's a cinch!" Almost unconsciously he bent and lifted a handful of snow, patting and working it into a snowball. "If I'm going to do anything but freeze to death out here, I'd better get at it. But what can I do against Pierre, without a gun, starved and half frozen to death as I am . . .?" He dropped the snowball and staggered toward the cabin, a lonely figure in the white immensity of the wilds. Once he fell, when his legs simply crumpled under him. He lay there, breathing in snow and bitter cold, his lungs on fire with pain. Dazedly, he got back to his knees, then to his feet. He knew, without being told, that unless he got food soon, he would fall and never be able to get up.

"But where am I going to get food? I can't ask leBlanc for it. He thinks I'm dead, ten miles back. And I can't capture him without a gun . . ."

The thick grey smoke curling upward from the cabin chimney drew his eyes. Big Pierre was burning wet wood in his fireplace, and it was smoking heavily. Probably the last man to use the little trail cabin had failed to stock the woodpile—a serious breach of northland ethics—and Pierre had had to rustle wood from beneath the snow.

Some of the smoke was wind-whirled toward

him, so that he dragged in a lungful of it before he could stop himself. He coughed and choked, and his eyes watered, but the idea hit him at that same instant. He moved toward the chimney, put a hand on one of the greyish stones. The chimney was rough, crude. Here and there stones jutted out to form hand and toe holds.

Constable Jim began to climb, pausing often to harvest his strength. When he was on the roof, near the chimney's top, he took off his coat, shivering as the wind ripped through his uniform jacket. He folded the fur parka over the chimney's top, and belted it with his service belt and lanyard.

"That'll keep the smoke inside the cabin," he muttered. "He'll have to come out. No man can stand much of that smoke in his lungs!"

He clung to the chimney, weakly. He had no weapon. Even if he did get Pierre out of the cabin . . .

Idly, he packed snow into a ball again. He turned the snowball over, staring at it. It was almost as big as a baseball. A baseball? Eagerly, Constable Jim fumbled at his hip pocket, brought out the small silver flask that contained water. He unscrewed the top and let the water trickle over the snowball. It caked into solid ice almost as soon as it touched the round white ball.

At that instant, the cabin door banged open. Pierre leBlanc charged out, choking and coughing. He stood there, bent forward, gasping for clean air.

Young Jim stood on the roof, a few feet above him. Forgotten was the snow that whipped around him. Forgotten the cold and the hours of hopeless pursuit. Instead, Jim Thorne saw a sunshiny day, a baseball diamond. He was on the mound . . .

Jim Thorne threw back his right arm. Two fingers were looped over the frozen snowball, gripping it as if it were a baseball, and he was preparing to throw his high, hard one.

The ice-coated snowball caught Pierre leBlanc at the base of his skull as he stood bent forward, coughing. He dropped face forward and lay unmoving, half-buried in the snow.

As he snapped his handcuffs on the dazed Canuck, Constable Jim managed a wry grin. "This baseball isn't as silly as you think, Pierre. It's going to land you behind bars, where you belong . . ."

And Constable Jim Thorne of the Royal Canadian Northwest Mounted Police stood there in the snow, and laughed.

THE END





# SNOWFANG



OUT OF THE BARREN WILDS OF THE FROZEN NORTH HURTTLES THE GIANT FIGURE OF THE LEGENDARY SNOWFANG... PART WOLF, PART MAL-EMUTE DOG.\* BORN TO THE LAW OF CLAW AND FANG, HE ROVES THE SNOWY WASTELANDS...

**KING OF THE ARCTIC WILD!**

**M**OVING ACROSS THE GREAT FIELDS OF ARCTIC SNOW, PAST THE RIM OF A GREAT GLACIER, SLIDES A LONG SLED...



**NOW** IS MY CHANCE TO KILL HIM! HIS BACK IS TOWARD ME!

**HENRI-LOOK!**

EH? WHAT IS IT?







A WOLF, HENRI--  
AND WHAT A  
WOLF!

HE EES BIG! **OUI!** BOT ONE  
LITTLE BULLET FROM MY RIFLE  
WEEL BRING HIM DOWN!



**T**HE AUDIBLE  
CLICK OF A  
BACKDRAWN  
RIFLE BOLT  
COMES CLEARLY  
TO THE KEEN  
EARS OF THE  
GIANT SNOW-  
FANG! BUT  
AS YET, SNOW-  
FANG HAS  
NEVER SEEN  
A 'NOISE  
STICK'...



**NO! WAIT!** HE WAGGED  
HIS TAIL! THAT'S NO WOLF--  
HE'S A **DOG!**

YOU SPOILED MY  
AIM! **MA FOI!**



YOU JUST NICKED HIS  
LEG! LET'S MAKE  
CAMP HERE. I'D LIKE  
TO CAPTURE AND  
TAME HIM!

YOU WEEL NEVAIR TAME HIM,  
M'SIEU, FOR THEES WEEL BE  
YOUR **LAST** CAMP! ONLY  
ONE OF US  
LEAVES HERE  
AT DAWN--  
**ME!**

**A**S SNOWFANG LIMPS AWAY, HIS WILD HEART IS TORN  
BY THE SAVAGE IMPULSE OF THE WOLF-- THAT KNOWS  
ONLY THE LAW OF CLAW AND FANG!



**B**UT, HE ALSO KNOWS THE EMOTIONS  
OF HIS DOG ANCESTORS-- WITH DIM  
MEMORIES OF HEARTHSIDES AND  
THE LAUGHTER OF LITTLE CHILDREN!



IN THE CAMP BELOW THE RIDGE...

IT WAS A LUCKY DAY FOR ME WHEN I MADE THIS GOLD STRIKE, EH, HENRI?

OUI, M'SIEU! BUT THEN, YOU ARE AMERICAN ENGINEER. YOU CAME NORTH TO MAKE YOUR FORTUNE. ZUT! AN' YOU MADE EET!



I DIDN'T THINK I WAS SO TIRED! GUESS I'LL TURN IN!

OUI--TURN EEN..FOR ZE **LAST TIME!** WHEN YOU DIE, HERE EEN THE WILDS, I WEEL FILE CLAIM TO YOUR GOLD MINE!



I WAS GOING TO SHOOT YOU, BOT THEES WAY IS **SAFER!** YOU WEEL **FREEZE TO DEATH** HERE EEN THE COLD! THAT DRUG I PUT EEN YOUR COFFEE WEEL MAKE YOU SLEEP A LONG TIME! YOU WEEL NEVAIR AWAKEN **ALIVE!**



BY MORNING HE WEEL BE FROZEN SOLID! EEF THE MOUNTIES QUESTION ME I WEEL ONLY SAY HE WANDERED OFF TO HUNT..AND NEVAIR CAME BACK!



BUT BY THE TIME THEY **DO** FIND HEEM I WEEL HAVE FILED CLAIM ON HEES GOLD MINE.. AN' BE A **RICH MAN!**



**M**EANWHILE, FIGHTING BACK THE SAVAGE MISTRUST OF HIS WOLF ANCESTORS, SNOWFANG APPROACHES THE COLD CAMP...





**D**IMLY, SNOWFANG KNOWS THAT THIS UNPROTECTED MAN WILL DIE IN THE ARCTIC COLD. THIS IS THE MAN WHO PREVENTED THE RIFLEMAN FROM KILLING HIM! HE SHAKES HIM ROUGHLY...



I WAS SOUND ASLEEP.. OUT OF MY SLEEPING BAG! I COULD HAVE FROZEN TO DEATH! HENRI'S **GONE!** TAKEN THE SLED.. ALL MY WEAPONS AND FOOD!



IF I DON'T REACH SHELTER, I'M A GONER! HELP ME, BOY!

**T**HE WILD STORM RAGES AROUND THEM AS THEY LIE UNDER A LOG AND BRUSH WINDFALL, SHELTERED FROM THE ARCTIC BLIZZARD...

WELL, BOY, WE MADE IT! IT'S A WILD STORM BUT WE'RE SAFE HERE-- THANKS TO YOU! I'M GOING TO CALL YOU SNOWFANG!



TRACK HIM, SNOWFANG! I'LL KEEP UP--SOMEHOW!

**B**UT WHEN BOB SANDERS FALLS WEAKLY IN THE SNOW, THE GIANT WOLFD OG LEAVES THE TRAIL TO RUN DOWN A SNOWSHOE RABBIT.





A GOOD THING HE DIDN'T TAKE MY FLINT AND STEEL AND MY HUNTING KNIFE! AT LEAST WITH YOU TO HUNT FOR ME, I CAN EAT AND GET BACK MY STRENGTH!



FOR DAYS, SNOWFANG AND BOB SANDERS KEEP TO THE TRAIL OF THE FLEEING GUIDE! THEN, ONE MORNING...

WE'VE FOUND HIM! IT'S BROUSSARD, ALL RIGHT!



THE WOLFDOG AND SANDERS! HE DEED NOT FREEZE TO DEATH! WELL, EET MAKES NO DIFFERENCE! **HE HAS NO GUN!**



I'LL KEEL THE DOG FIRST! SANDERS EES NOT DANGEROUS.. BUT THAT DOG EES A BAD ONE!



**B**UT SNOWFANG HAS SEEN AND FELT A 'NOISE STICK' NOW! HE KNOWS IT SHOOTS **DEATH**.. SO HE ZIGZAGS A COURSE AT THE TREACHEROUS GUIDE...

I MISSED! HE DOES NOT STAND STILL FOR A MOMENT!



**CRACK!**







WITH HENRI BROUSSARD'S WRISTS TIED WITH RAWHIDE THE LONG TRIP TO THE COAST IS BEGUN TO HAVE THE TREACHEROUS GUIDE TURNED OVER TO THE LAW! ONE NIGHT, LESS THAN A DAY'S TRAVEL FROM CIVILIZATION...

BUT SNOWFANG HAS HEARD THE HUNTING CALL OF HIS ANCESTORS! OUT THERE LIES THE ARCTIC WILDS, WHERE SNOWFANG IS KING!



THE END



# Sky Pilot

## in "The Crisis"

YOU'RE NEXT, SKYPILOT!  
I ALWAYS SAID YOU WERE  
YELLOW AND I AIM TO PROVE  
IT! YOU'RE NOT EVEN  
MAN ENOUGH TO GO  
DOWN FIGHTIN'!

THAT REMAINS TO  
BE SEEN, BENDER!

THE HARSH WINTER OF THE GREAT  
NORTHWEST IS A BACKGROUND AGAINST  
WHICH THE LIVES OF TWO YOUNG PEOPLE  
SWING IN THE BALANCE! ONLY JOHN HAWKS,  
THE SKYPILOT, HEEDS THEIR CRY OF DISTRESS  
AS HE GIVES A RINGING ANSWER TO THE  
CHALLENGE OF... "THE CRISIS"!!

NEW ARRIVALS IN THE GREAT NORTHWEST, A YOUNG  
COUPLE BRING A MEAGER CATCH TO THE "SILVER LODGE",  
A COMBINED TRADING POST AND GENERAL STORE  
FOR THE TINY COMMUNITY...

I'M SORRY, SON, BUT I CAN'T  
OFFER MORE'N \$35.00 FOR THE  
LOT. ACTUALLY, THEY SHOULDN'T  
FETCH EVEN THAT  
MUCH!

ONLY  
THIRTY-FIVE!  
THAT WON'T  
EVEN BUY  
STAPLES!

IT'S NO GO, MYRA.  
SIX WEEKS OF BACK  
BREAKING WORK AND NOT  
EVEN ENOUGH MONEY  
TO BUY FOOD!

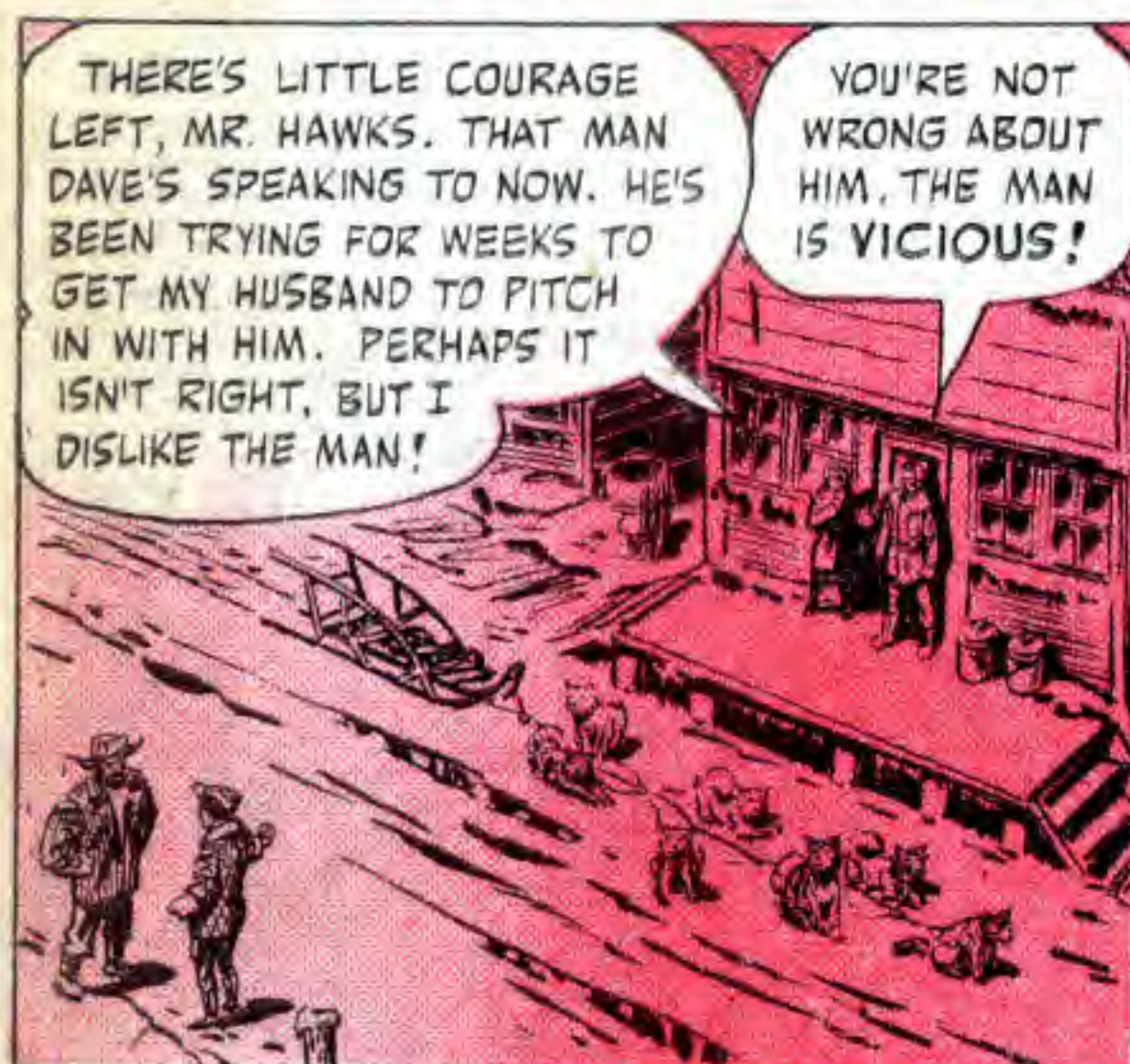
WE'LL MANAGE, DAVE.  
THINGS ARE BOUND TO  
GET BETTER SOON!  
I JUST KNOW THEY  
WILL!

THAT'S A LAUGH! ONLY A  
MIRACLE COULD KEEP US  
FROM STARVING TO DEATH  
BEFORE SPRING GETS  
HERE.

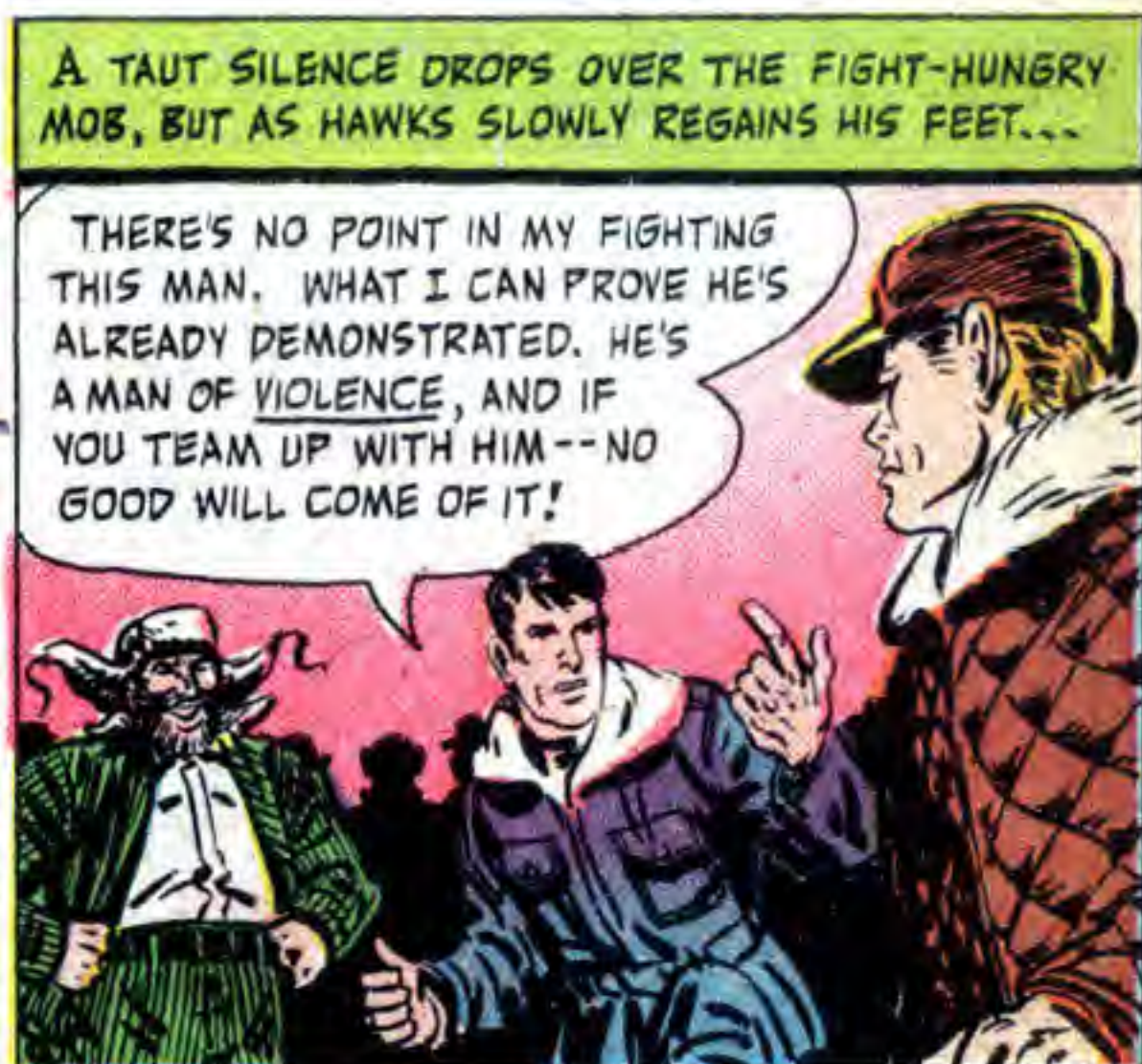
I'M NOT  
COMPLAINING,  
DAVE. I ONLY---

FORGIVE ME FOR BUTTING  
IN THIS WAY! MY NAME IS  
JOHN HAWKS! I COULDN'T  
HELP OVERHEARING! DID  
YOU EVER THINK THAT  
THIS MIRACLE YOU  
SPEAK OF, MIGHT  
HAPPEN?











STINGING PARTICLES OF ICE AND SNOW WHIP ABOUT THEIR FACES AS THEY MUSH FORWARD...

WERE THERE ANY OTHERS BESIDE THOSE TWO, NALUK?

TWO, THREE MAYBE. THEY TAKE ONLY RIFLE AND BULLETS! STRANGE WAY TO TRAP FOX AND BEAVER, I THINK!



MEANWHILE, AT THE NORTHERNMOST HUNTING GROUNDS...

BEFORE YA TAKE OFF FOR YER POSTS, I WANT YA TO COME ALONG WITH ME AND THIS YOUNG FELLA. WE GOTTA SHOW 'IM HOW WE OPERATE.

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, BENDER!

?



A SHORT WHILE LATER, AS AN ESKIMO DRIVES HIS FELT-LADEN SLED ALONG THE TRAIL...

HERE COMES ONE NOW!

YEAH, LOOKS LIKE HE'S CARRYING A MIGHTY HEAVY LOAD, TOO!



CRACK!  
POW!  
POW!

ARR-GHH!



SEE WHAT I MEAN, KID? WE GOT OURSELVES A SYSTEM! WE LET THE ESKIMO DO THE TRAPPING, AN' THEN WE TRAP HIM! PRETTY NEAT, EH?

YOU K-KILLED HIM!



SO WHAT! IT'S ONLY AN ESKIMO! NOW GO AHEAD WITH THE BOYS AND GET IN SOME HUNTING! ALL I ASK IS A FIFTY-FIFTY CUT IN ALL THE SKINS YA GRAB!

THERE'LL BE NO CUT, BENDER...









UNHESITATINGLY, DAVE RUSHES FORWARD, BUT...



DRIVEN TO RIGHTEOUS ANGER, HAWKS MOVES IN...



LATER, BACK IN DAVE'S CABIN, HAWKS EXPERTLY DRESSES HIS WOUND, WHEN SUDDENLY...



THEN ACCEPT IT AS A SIGN--A SIGN THAT THOSE WHO ENGAGE IN HONEST LABOR, CANNOT AND WILL NOT GO UNREWARDED.

I BELIEVE THAT NOW, JOHN HAWKS, I TRULY DO!

THE END



# LAUGH, BETTY, LAUGH!



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